

Late at Night

Buffalo Tom

i close my door at night
but they get in all right
and she turns on the lighti held her hands so tight
'cause words don't come out right
and she sees things at nightme, i'm closer to the door
i don't get scared no more
but i don't know the scoreif i could hold them in my hand
i'd make them understand
i'm not a haunted mind
i'm not a thoughtless kind
if i could put them in a jar
i know they wouldn't scar
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i wouldi close my door at night
but she gets in all right
so i turn on the lighti held her hand too tight
too hard to make it right
so i could sleep at nightif i could hold them in my hand
i'd make them understand
i'm not a haunted mind
i'm not a thoughtless kindif i could put them in a jar
i know they wouldn't scar
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would

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